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EULOGIUM

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. HENRY HOLCOMBE, D.D.

PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF PHILADELPHIA.

Delivered at the request of the congregation on the 29th June, 1824.

BY B. RUSH RHEES, M. D.

“ Shall blood stained heroes, when they yield their breath,
To him whose cause they serv'd,—their sovereign death ;
Shall these awake the boasted powers of verse,
To blazon deeds we deem our greatest curse ?—
And shall a CHAMPION on the *Christian* plain
Fall undistinguished, 'mid the vulgar slain ?”



Philadelphia :

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE CONGREGATION.

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1824.

1875-1876

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1875-1876

*Extract from the minutes of the meetings held by the
members of the congregation.*

THE death of the Rev. Dr. Henry Holcombe having been announced to the First Baptist Church and congregation, a meeting of the latter was held, on Sunday morning, May 23d, for the purpose of expressing the sorrow of its members, at the melancholy event of his dissolution, and their high sense of his pre-eminent excellence.

Mr. Charles Keen was called to the chair, and Mr. William Harper appointed secretary, whereupon a committee, composed of the following gentlemen, viz: Messrs. Thomas Shewell, Aaron Kille, William E. Garrett, William W. Keen, and B. R. Rhees, was instructed to prepare resolutions, expressive of the sentiments of the congregation, on the mournful occasion which had led to its meeting. The committee accordingly reported at a subsequent meeting, held on the 25th instant, the following preamble and resolutions, and they were unanimously adopted, viz :

The members of this congregation, sympathising with the First Baptist Church, under the afflicting dispensation of heaven, which has deprived her of her venerable and invaluable Pastor; and feeling deeply sensible, that they have *themselves* sustained a very serious loss, in his sudden and unexpected dissolution,

Resolve, I. That the moral rectitude, and inflexible integrity of the late Dr. Henry Holcombe as a *man*, the sincerity and unblemished purity of his character as a *Christian*, and the uniform zeal and ability with which he performed his arduous duties as a *public Preacher*, entitled him to the highest respect, and the warmest affection, and rendered him worthy of being ever held in grateful and lively remembrance.

II. That, as his services, and virtues, are deserving of *universal* commemoration, it is due to the deep and unfeigned sorrow, of his former auditors, and friends, on the melancholy termination of his career, that a *public* tribute be paid to his memory ; therefore

Resolved, III. That a member of this congregation be appointed to deliver an Eulogium on his life and character. Dr. B. Rush Rhees was appointed to perform this duty, when, on motion, it was

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to present a letter of condolence, accompanied with the foregoing resolutions, to the widow of the late Dr. Holcombe. The following letter was accordingly submitted by the committee and adopted :—

To Mrs. Frances Holcombe.

HIGHLY ESTEEMED MADAM,

In adopting and presenting to you the enclosed resolutions, the members of the congregation assembling in the meeting house of the First Baptist Church, have done no more, than pay a feeble and imperfect tribute to *justice*. Permit them, therefore, to add the expres-

sion of their sincere condolence with you, on a loss, calculated to overwhelm you with grief, and to call forth the tenderest sympathies of all who are able to appreciate the value of the highest order of moral excellence.

The loss of a beloved and respected Pastor ; of one whose counsel has guided us, and whose pathetic and tender exhortations, have so often affected our hearts, is to *us* a severe affliction. On *you* the stroke has fallen far heavier ; for *you* have been deprived of the support and comfort of your declining years, the affectionate partner of your solitudes and pleasures, the dear and devoted friend, who was appointed by heaven to cheer and console you amid the cares and calamities of life. A privation such as this, awakens a sorrow in your bosom, which can be divested of its poignancy, only by the influence of that religion, which robs death of his terrors ; and *this* we are assured has been to *you*, a source of the richest consolation.

We will not, therefore, intrude further on the moments you would devote to the tranquillizing exercise of religious contemplation ; but beg you to accept the offering, of our sincere sympathy with you, in your present distress ; and the individual regard we shall ever entertain for you, under every circumstance of your future life.

In behalf of the congregation.

(Signed,)	ROBT. MAUL,	} Committee.
	JAMES MANN,	
	B. RUSH RHEES,	

The Eulogium having been delivered on the 29th of June, a meeting of the congregation was held on the 6th of July, when it was

Resolved, That the thanks of this congregation be presented to Dr. B. Rush Rhees, for the appropriate manner in which he performed the arduous duty imposed on him, in pronouncing the Eulogium on our late venerable and lamented Pastor, on Tuesday last, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the Eulogium, prepared for publication.

(Signed,)

CHARLES KEEN,
Chairman.

PARDON DAVIS,
Secretary.

EULOGIUM.



FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS,

IF it be useful to cherish the recollection of distinguished worth, if honour be due to those who have given to the world examples of the beauty and dignity of virtue ; the purpose for which you are now assembled, is neither trifling, nor unimportant. It is, on the contrary, calculated to elevate your feelings, and lead to reflections as salutary, as they *must be serious*. *Sincerely* do I regret, that the task of awakening these reflections in your minds, had not devolved on some one more competent to do justice to the solemn and impressive subject from which they spring. With powers adequate to its performance, it would be a *grateful* duty, to trace the noble features of that exalted character, which I have been called to eulogize. I do not, however, appear in this place as one, daring to expect that these features can be portrayed in their proper colours. It is, as one, uniting with you in your veneration of moral excellence, and holding communion with you, in your sorrow, on the removal of *any* of its possessors from the earth—as *one* who saw it shining with transcendent lustre in the life of *him*, who but lately, occupied this place, and as one, who mingled his grief with yours, when the melancholy tale of his dissolution was told.

Days and weeks have passed away since you followed his lifeless body to the silent tomb ; yet this grief remains undiminished. It must indeed be *lasting* as it was *poignant*, for it was excited by no *ordinary* cause. *Wherever* the shaft of death may strike, on *whomsoever* his heavy and icy hand may be laid, sorrow *must* be the consequence—the peace of *some living being*, must be slain. Though the grave be opened to receive the *humblest* of God's responsible creatures, there will be some one to shed tears upon it. A wife is bereft of a beloved husband, a mother of her darling babe, or a sister of a tender and devoted brother. A child is left fatherless, or a friend, friendless—some small circle has had its gaiety repressed—some house of joy has been converted into a house of mourning. These are the *common*, and *necessary* consequences of death's intrusion, even into the habitations of the obscure and the ignoble. How much *more deeply and widely* are they felt, when he who sinks beneath the relentless blow of the destroyer, is not only a father, and a husband ; but the counsellor and friend of thousands—an advocate of the poor and the oppressed—a bold defender of civil and religious liberty—a zealous promoter of knowledge—a firm and fearless foe to vice, and a faithful guardian, not only of the *temporal*, but of the *immortal* interests of his fellow men ! Such was *he*, whose virtues you have thronged hither to commemorate, and whose death has been felt, as a sad and serious calamity, far beyond the bosom of his mourning family. *You*, who were united to him by the bonds of Christian fellowship, who have bowed down with him before the altar of the mighty God, and who have been partakers with

him, of that holy sacrament, which forms the pledge of your devotion to the Christian faith, and the memento of your fraternal union here, and your common destinies hereafter ;—*you* have felt his loss, for *you* have been deprived of a friend and brother, whose “like you may not look upon again.”

You, who have witnessed his unwearied labours in the cause of truth, who have heard his voice filling this place with its impressive tones, and who can witness with what resistless energy it fell upon your senses and your *souls* ;—*you* have felt it, for he loved *you* also, and laboured to advance *your* highest interests. *You*, who are engaged in the same sacred cause, to which his life was devoted—whose hearts are consecrated to the same holy service, and whose hopes are directed to the same celestial honours ;—*you* too have felt it, for the cause of Christianity has lost an able advocate, and the interests of virtue, a bold and intrepid champion. All who *knew him*, and who know the value of moral excellence ; all who have hearts capable of feeling and minds capable of comprehending the beauty of a life spent in doing good, have felt it, for such a life was closed, when the venerable apostle, who has just been taken from us, terminated *his* career. But we have not met together for the single purpose of giving expression to our grief. We come to *raise* our friend, and not to *bury* him. *He* who was worthy of such deep and general sorrow, must be worthy also, of our united eulogies. The *elevated station* he occupied among us, entitles him to this *peculiar* mark of our respect and veneration. If those who act well their part, even in the common walks of life, are deserving of the approv-

ing smiles of their fellow men ; far more than *ordinary* approbation is due to those, who have filled with faithfulness and honour, posts of high distinction and responsibility. Such is the general sense of mankind. The hero who has led the armies of his country to victory, or who has caused her banners to float in triumph on the ocean breeze, has a thousand tongues to proclaim his praise. His achievements become the theme of poets and of orators ; and the vault of heaven is made to ring, on their recital, with the plaudits of admiring millions. The statesman, whose wisdom has framed, and whose energy has led to the adoption of laws, tending to promote the happiness of the community in which he lived, has *his* name repeated with applause, long after the tones of his eloquence have ceased to charm the ear, and the fire of patriotism to burn in his bosom. *He* who has devoted his life to the development of nature's mysteries, and the discovery of the causes, by which worlds are kept in harmonious motion : *he* who has watched over you in the hour of sickness, and brought back the blush of health to your cheek, when you had surrendered every hope of a renewal of your earthly pleasures ; who has guarded your streets against pestilence, and who has carried the benign influence of his art into the hovels of misery and want : *he* who has administered justice with impartiality, and suffered not the widow nor the orphan to sink beneath the cruelty of rapacious and unfeeling adversaries ; *these* are deemed worthy of your praises, and they have been bestowed upon them. And shall *those* remain unhonoured, who have been the ministers of health to your diseased *minds* ;—who have been the ex-

positors of *divine* (not merely *natural*) truth ; who have advanced the interests and happiness of mankind, by bringing the reckless and the profligate into subjection to the laws of God ; who have grappled with foes *more mighty than men*, and triumphed in the contest ; who have driven the enemies of your *religion*, from post to post, and from field to field ; stormed the citadels of immorality, and caused the *proudest banners*, under which *man* can fight, the *banners of virtue*, to wave in triumph over the prostrate forces of the prince of evil ; shall *these* remain unhonoured ? Shall these be consigned to the tomb in silence, and shall their names be forgotten by those who were the witnesses of their worth ? Justice forbids it, and proclaims, that *these, above all others*, are deserving of our eulogies. The station of a *Christian Preacher*, is indeed, *higher* than any other occupied by man. The purity of principle, and integrity of life required to fill it, as it *should* be filled ; the weighty and important duties it imposes, and the magnitude of the objects which must be ever in the view of those who are exalted to it, entitle it to this superiority. It is *their* peculiar province, to comfort the disconsolate, and awaken hope in the breasts of the despondent ; to instruct the unenlightened, and convince the faithless ; to point out the path of pleasantness and peace to those who are rushing onward to ruin ; and to fire with new zeal, those who have buckled on the armour of religion : to suppress the ebullitions of lawless passion, and to invigorate the reason, and the virtuous feelings of those who are committed to their trust :—to unmask the hypocrite ; to put the blasphemer to shame, and in a word, to impress anew, upon the soul of man, the *lost image*

of his God. It is required of them, that their lives be pure, and holy, as the precepts they inculcate; and that humility, self-denial, and every other virtue which can adorn the character of man, should shine *conspicuously in them*. Their situation is one of *danger*, as well as of difficulty and trust. The ignorant and depraved, by whom they are surrounded, and whose eyes are intently fixed upon their steps, are ever busy with their fame; seeking, with malicious industry, to find something in their lives injurious to the cause they advocate—something to cast reproach on their religion. By such, the *smallest error of their judgments* will be magnified into a *wilful perversion of truth*; and the most trifling deviation from the path of moral rectitude, into a *grossly criminal violation of virtue*. Their zeal will be called *bigotry*—their liberality, *want of devotion*—their firmness, *obstinacy*—and their independence, *ambition*, and a *thirst for power*.

This is not all. It is not at the fireside, or in the secret conclaves of the dissolute and designing only, that judgment will be passed on their characters and conduct. The report of their trifling errors, or, when *these cannot be found*, the *invented charges* of those, who are unfriendly to their cause or calling, will be borne from house to house, on the unwearying wing of calumny, and blazoned forth as proofs of their insincerity, or, *worse than this*, of their *apostacy*.

From these dangers, they are *never* safe; for though *to-day*, they may imagine that the voice of unkindness and malignity is *still*; *to-morrow* it may disturb their rest. Those who are about them, may *now* be the avowed advocates of the truth they teach, and the de-

clared admirers of the firmness and energy with which they urge it on the mind ; *to-morrow* they may desert them, and be arrayed against their peace. *To-day* they may sing *hosannas* to their names, and *to-morrow* may be heard to cry, *crucify them, crucify them!* These are not *fancied* dangers we have thrown round the ecclesiastical profession. The *founder* of the Christian faith passed through them, and there is not one of his disciples, however pure his life, that may not, one day, be called to encounter them.

In thus noticing the important requisitions, the noble objects, and the peculiar difficulties of the station of a Christian preacher, it has been my purpose to lead you to the conviction, that none are more worthy of your eulogies, than those who have filled it through a long life, with fidelity and honour ; and who on quitting it, for still *higher posts* in heaven, have given proof of the sincerity of their professions, and of the celestial origin of the religion they had laboured to extend. Such was the case with DR. HENRY HOLCOMBE. He occupied *this*, as well as other stations, for more than forty years, “ without having been subjected during that period, to a single admonition, either civil, military, or ecclesiastical ;” and on leaving it, gave the strongest proof, that death was to him, *promotion* to a nobler rank, among nobler beings.

On a survey of his life, we shall discover, that it was a series of efforts to benefit his fellow men, and that the principles by which his conduct was uniformly governed, were the offspring of the *purest*, and the *noblest* feelings. To the biographer, we must, however, leave the minute details of his life, while *we* expatiate

on those prominent features, in his character and conduct, most worthy of our admiration. These are neither few, nor faintly marked; yet, to these, we shall not exclusively confine ourselves, but shall, occasionally, endeavour to draw, from circumstances, apparently trivial, such *general* reflections as may serve to enlist our feelings in the cause of virtue and religion.

Henry Holcombe was born in Prince Edward county, Virginia, on the 22d of September, 1762. While he was yet a child, his father removed with his family to the state of South Carolina; where, at eleven years of age, he completed, (to use his own words,) “*all the education he ever received from a living preceptor.*” This fact is worthy of particular notice, when considered in connection with his intellectual endowments, and the extent of his acquisitions in after life. Even the poor, and indifferent means of instruction, within his reach, were taken from him, at a period, *too early* to admit of the presumption, that he could have derived much profit from their employment. NATURE must therefore have endowed him with a mind, rich in its own resources, and vigorous, even in its youth, or he could not have extended his researches, as successfully as he did, into the sublimest and deepest mysteries that can occupy the attention of rational man. She *was* thus bountiful to him. She taught him to *think*, and led him, even in *boy-hood*, to fix his thoughts on the *noblest* of her works. At an age, when her less favoured children are amused with toys and trinkets, *he* delighted to dwell on the grandeur and magnificence of those countless orbs, with which she has filled the immensity of space. Is it not pleasing, here, to trace the

correspondence between the nobleness of the objects to which his *early* attention was directed, and the loftiness of his *subsequent* pursuits? His *youthful* mind is found ranging among the planets, and gathering from the contemplation of their splendour, the rudiments of that knowledge, the first principles of that ennobling faith, which, in *manhood*, bore it far *beyond* the *planets*, and fixed its aspirings on a closer acquaintance with the God who made them. His soul seems to have been placed, *almost on the very day of its creation*, far *onward* in that track which leads from truth to truth, from wonder to wonder, and from glory to glory, up to the throne of the great Jehovah.—But we must not anticipate our subject, nor forget what our departed friend *once was*, in thinking of him as he *now* is.

The period of his youth was one of severe trial to our common country. She was just then emerging from a state of dependence on an empire, which had lost sight of her *own*, and the interests of humanity, in attempting to fasten chains on freemen, and in daring to require, that the noble and the brave should bow the knee at her behest. It was a period in which the *souls* of your fathers were sorely, and severely tried. Their homes were deserted for the tented field, and their wives and daughters left alone, at the fireside, and at the domestic altar, hoping and fearing, praying for their triumphant return, yet dreading to hear the dismal tidings of their discomfiture and death. Your cities and villages were filled with hireling hordes, and throughout *this* portion of your beloved country, nothing was heard but the loud alarm of war.

It was at this period, so interesting to *your fathers*, so interesting to *you*, and to *all*, whose souls have not been debased by vassalage, that the lofty and independent spirit of Henry Holcombe first displayed itself. *He* heard the tale of those wrongs of which his country was complaining, and learned, with mingled emotions of pride and patriotism, that her sons had pledged "*their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour*," to redress them. At once that fire was kindled in his breast, which, centuries before, had infused into Grecian and Roman bosoms, the soul animating love of freedom. He waited not for the arrival of manhood before he drew his sword, but entered *promptly* into the service of his country, determined, with every patriot of that momentous period, *to live free, or die*. His ardour and intrepidity, tempered as they were, by that discretion and soundness of judgment, without which courage is unavailing, and boldness becomes impetuous rashness, soon raised him to command; and *here*, as in every other station in which he was found in after life, he acquitted himself well, and gave the fullest proof that the trust reposed in him by his fellow soldiers, was not misplaced. More than once he led his troop to battle, and as often, was preserved from the winged ball, and the blow aimed at his life. *His* was not an arm that would be raised in vain. It could force a passage through a *host* of foes; for heaven was holding an ægis before him, which no deadly weapon could penetrate.

But it is not as a *military chief*, exclusively, that we are to contemplate his worth. While an officer in the army of our revolutionary country, he was led to

those reflections which eventually inclined him to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, and to seek for happiness in the calm contemplation of religious truth.

He had tasted of the cup of earthly pleasure, and found there was bitterness in it. He had pursued the track, to which his natural propensities and passions pointed, and he saw that it would finally lead him to dishonour, and never ending misery. He *sought* for a path, which would conduct him to something more cheering in its aspect, more attractive in its nature, and he found *that* which leads up to heaven. *He became a Christian. Christian!* And what does this term imply? Does it mean a Baptist, or an Episcopalian, or a Presbyterian? God forbid! The *only religion* calculated to promote the universal interests of man on earth, and to fit him for fellowship with superior beings in the world to come, *cannot* be contracted within the narrow limits to which these terms of *man's creation* would confine it. Its scope is far wider, and though there may exist the greatest diversity of sentiment on points not essential to the preservation of its purity, or the attainment of its grand and ultimate objects; among those who believe its truths, and who obey its precepts, there will be *something* found in *all* to distinguish them from the *unchristian* world, *something*, in common, to show that *all* are *followers of CHRIST*.

Yes! by whatever name you may be called, in whatever forms you may be pleased to worship the author of *this* holy religion, if you but *feel* its ennobling influence, when you approach his throne, if you but present

your petitions in the name of *him* on whose mediation you rest your hopes of never ending felicity, you *must* forget the idle titles by which you are distinguished among men, and banish from your thoughts the recollection of your differences. *Here, all* your names are merged in the high and dignifying epithet, CHRISTIAN; *here* you learn, that though the temple of your faith may have *a thousand spires, all alike point up to heaven*, from the smallest, and the plainest, to the most gorgeous and highly finished. It is as a *Christian*, therefore, and *not* as a *Baptist*, we would contemplate the subject of our eulogy.

Between the twenty-first and twenty-second years of his life, he was united to the church, and *immediately* received a license, according to its forms, to proclaim to others from the pulpit, the truths, of which he had *himself* become so thoroughly convinced. As a *Christian preacher*, he was no less fearless and intrepid, than he had been as a military chief. At the head of his troop he boldly declared, that he had enlisted in the cause of God, and called on those who had shared his perils in defence of the rights of their beloved country, to engage with him in a service not *opposed to*, but *higher in its objects*, than that, in which some of them had but recently shed their blood, and to which the hearts of *all* had been devoted. No blush of shame mantled the cheek of the youthful warrior when he made this declaration, no feeling of timidity trembled at his heart when he made this bold appeal. *He* who had never blenched from danger in the day of battle, *he* who had never felt a fear, though his friends were falling round him in the deadly conflict, waged between man and

man, *could* not prove a *coward*, no matter what dangers might stare him in the face, no matter what shafts might be aimed against him. The impious taunts of the unrighteous, the scoffs of infidel blasphemers, and the sneers of those who affect to hold heaven in contempt, and mock at all religion, could not deter him from the *prompt* performance of his duty. He entered on it with ardour, and pursued it with an industrious and persevering earnestness, which did not escape the notice of his Christian brethren.

At the age of twenty-two, he was deemed fully worthy of being entrusted with the power of performing the ceremonies, and administering the sacraments, provided for by the church ; and from this period, to the termination of his long and useful life, he continued to be a diligent and faithful servant of his God.

To be able fully to appreciate the value of his ecclesiastical services in the *southern* section of our country, we must know something of the state of morality and religion there, on the *commencement* of his career. It will be found, that there was a deplorable destitution of the means of religious instruction—that but few buildings had been reared for the purpose of public worship, and that *these* were frequented by but few, while the race course was *always thronged* ; that in the private retirement of families, cards and dice were resorted to, while the volume of divine inspiration lay untouched upon their shelves ; and that blasphemy, duelling, and dissipation, were not thought *unbecoming accomplishments* of gentlemen. Such was the moral condition of that part of South Carolina, in which Dr. Holcombe entered on the performance of his mi-

nisterial functions. He *left* it in a far different state. The ignorant were instructed, the dissolute reclaimed, the wretched rendered happy, and the names of *thousands* enrolled by him on that record of repentant sinners, which, we are assured, is copied with *delight* in *heaven*, whether it be drawn out on *earth*, by *Catholic*, by *Protestant*, or by *Dissenter*.

From the pulpit and the press, he sent forth, with unremitted diligence and zeal, the declarations of the Deity ; urged upon his countrymen the precepts of the Christian code, and bade defiance to the evil spirits which walk in darkness, and allure, by their syren songs, to *certain*, and to awful death. His labours, at this period, did not remain unrewarded ; for though he had hitherto received *no pecuniary* recompense for his clerical services, he was honoured by being placed in a situation which the proudest might be justly proud to fill.

His fellow citizens, having the fullest confidence in his unshaken integrity, the soundness of his judgment, and the firmness of his patriotism, selected him, as their representative, in that convention which expressed the sense entertained by South Carolina, of the excellence of the present admirable constitution of the United States.

To *all* who had any agency in the *framing* or *establishment* of this instrument of human happiness, this charter of American liberty, this monument of republican wisdom ; honour will be due from generations yet unborn. The names of *those* can *never* be *forgotten*, who, not only bared their breasts to the dangers which threatened their country, and drew their swords

against the lawless invaders of her soil, but who also enlightened her councils, and fixed her freedom on a foundation, which cannot be shaken, though *all the red artillery of despotism* be levelled at it. Among *these*, posterity will find the name of HENRY HOLCOMBE, and it will be *revered* long after the veil of oblivion has been thrown over the memories of those, whose whole souls are devoted to self elevation, *however loudly the voice of popular applause may now ring in their delighted ears.*

On the return of Dr. Holcombe from Charleston, whither he had gone to attend the meetings, and assist in the deliberations of the South Carolina Convention, he was invited to take the pastoral charge of a Baptist church at the Euhaw, whence he removed in 1795, to the city of Beaufort. Here he continued until 1799, when he removed to the city of Savannah.

While at Beaufort, his pen was not idle, nor his voice silent in the propagation of religious truth, and in the exposure and conviction of the prevailing vices of the place.

On the character of his early *writings*, it would not become me to pass an opinion. They are chiefly on those doctrinal and controversial points, which it is the province of the learned and enlightened theologian to discuss.

It may, however, be stated, as an evidence of their value, and the value of his pulpit labours, at this early period, that they were followed by a very striking and unequivocal increase of that interest in religion, which was before, scarcely perceptible among his fellow citizens. Temples which had been before

erected for the worship of Almighty God, were enlarged, while others were seen rising, where the path of the Indian, or the resting place of the idolater had been. The prayer of the penitent was heard where once the maledictions of the impious had been profanely uttered, and praises ascended to the name of *him*, who was the great first cause of all things, where once the loud and boisterous laugh of the midnight reveller had rent the air. These were changes, for which *all* the *good* must be grateful, no matter in what *remote* corner of the world they may occur. Think you, it is then idle thus to dwell upon them? Go, if such be your opinion—go, and visit the mother, whose tender bosom has been wrung with anguish, by the profligacy of a darling son; whose pillow has been wet, night after night, with tears of sorrow, and whose aching heart has been *almost broken* by his unkind and cruel treatment. Ask *her*, what her feelings were, when this son threw himself upon her bosom, and prayed forgiveness for his past unkindness; when he kneeled with her, before the throne of mercy, and with devout and pious fervour, mingled *his* petitions to Almighty God, with hers. She will tell you, that her tears were dried away; that pleasure took the place of pain in her maternal breast; that a ray of celestial love had beamed upon her soul. She will tell you too, that such changes as *her* heart had undergone, from misery and anguish to happiness and joy, should not be lightly treated, in speaking the praises of *him*, by whom they were effected, as an instrument of heaven. But our time will not permit us to dwell longer on that part of the life of our reverend friend, which was passed in

South Carolina. A wider field of usefulness, than any in which he had hitherto laboured, was opened before him in Savannah.

He was invited in the year 1799, to occupy the pulpit of a church, erected in that city by *Baptists*, but completed, and occupied by *Presbyterians*. In accepting this invitation, he was influenced only by a desire to promote, still farther than he had done, the happiness of his fellow beings. In his mind, it was no objection, therefore, to his acceptance of it, that it was made by a congregation of Presbyterians. *He knew*, that *they* were aiming at the same great object to which *his* life was devoted ; that *they* were travelling in the same highway to heaven as *himself*. *They* knew that *he* would advance the grand interests of Christianity among them, and they forgot that his opinions were not in *all* points, the same as theirs.

It is pleasing to remark, this mutual surrender of *sectarian* feeling, between this *Christian Baptist preacher*, and these *Christian Presbyterian people*.

The union between Dr. Holcombe, and the congregation here noticed, continued until the year 1802, when a *Baptist* church was organised in Savannah, of which he was unanimously elected pastor ; and for which, he performed the duties of this important station, with fidelity and success, for several years.

During the period of his residence in Savannah, he engaged in a variety of pursuits, in addition to those of his immediate station and profession, *all* equally worthy of his noble soul, and *all* alike deserving of our plaudits. The limits we have assigned to ourselves, will not, however, allow us to notice more than part of these.

Previously to his arrival in Georgia he had displayed a deep and lively interest in the extension of human knowledge, which was not extinguished at any subsequent period of his life. Though he had *himself* been destitute of those means of enriching and improving his mind, which are supplied by schools and colleges, he was ever ready to enter actively into any measure, calculated to promote the welfare of institutions, tending to the advancement of science and of letters. He was not one of those, who vaunting themselves on having been *self-taught*, cast contempt on learning, and proudly affect to despise the *culture* of the mind. He felt that "knowledge was power," in whatever manner it be acquired, and was solicitous that it should be extended to the whole family of mankind, by every method which human art or human industry could furnish. We have no reason, therefore, to pass over his want of scholastic education, with *timid brevity*. Rather do we feel disposed to *boast* of it, when we find it affording so strong an evidence of the native nobleness of soul, already so conspicuously displayed in *him* on whom our encomiums are bestowed. In those who are versed in classic lore, who have been loaded with the treasures of philosophy, and who have, from earliest youth, been engaged in gathering flowers from Parnassus, a spirit of devotion to the cause of literature and science might be looked for. *They* only pay a *debt* to learning, when they step forward to advance its interests, and to enlarge its limits. *Those* who have received *little* from its ample stores, and who yet strive to extend its benign and invigorating influence, *do more*. *They, and they only, confer a favour* on science, and to

them, therefore, *peculiar* honour is due. How much *more highly* then, should they be esteemed, than those who return to science, for the bounties she has *heaped* upon them, little else than empty boastings of her charms; boastings as often the offspring of inflated vanity, as of a conviction of her intrinsic excellence? For proofs of the justice of the claims we have laid in favour of our departed friend, we refer to the honours bestowed on him by a remote and distinguished university, in addition to those marks of high respect and regard which were conferred on his name by two southern colleges, as much indebted to *him* for their existence, as to any other individual in the states where they were founded, and in which they are now flourishing. The interest he displayed in the instruction of the youth of Georgia and South Carolina, during his residence in these states, was not unaccompanied by sympathy for those who were destitute of the *physical* comforts of life. The wretched orphan who had been left to wander unprotected through the streets, depending for subsistence on the daily alms that could be gathered from the benevolent, and often receiving nothing more than cruel scorn from the selfish and iron hearted, was the object of his especial care and kindness. Through *his* exertions, many of these helpless beings were collected together, clothed and fed, and supplied with the means of providing for their own future support and elevation in society.

In this work of charity, he enlisted those who know best *how* to do good, and who are ever among the *first* to *do it*. *Mothers*, who felt that their own children might one day become orphans, and be thrown without

protection or shelter on the world, could not be slow in listening to the orphan's cry. They gathered round your generous friend, and with their purses and enthusiastic ardour, accomplished the objects he had with so much eloquence and earnestness impressed on their attention. The poor and despised sons and daughters of Africa, held in ignominious servitude by their fellow men, also found a friend in *him*, whose soul was ever open to the poor man's plea.

In a section of our country, on which the evils of unnatural slavery were entailed, it was a task as delicate as it was difficult, to benefit the servant without putting the life and property of the master at fearful hazard. In attempting its performance, *he* however perceived and adopted that course which alone was safe, and by which alone the desired object could be attained. He laboured to diffuse the light of natural and religious truth among these degraded children of oppression ; and though violent and dangerous opposition was made by many who had not yet learned that knowledge is the only certain safeguard of a people ; the wise and the good were with him in his benevolent exertions, and he accomplished much. *He* did not, as some wild and mad enthusiasts *have* done, endeavour to excite the slumbering passions of the slave and rouse him to indignation against his master. *He* did not harangue them on the horrors of their thralldom and its barbarous injustice, nor did he bid them to stand forth, shake off their shackles, and declare that they were free. From his *very soul*, *he wished* them to be so, but *first*, he wished them to be fitted for their freedom.

'The object at which *he* aimed, was *not* the abolition of that slavery by which their hands were bound and their feet fettered, but of *that* by which their souls had been inthralled, *not merely* the liberation of their *bodies* from the servile yoke imposed on *them* ; but the emancipation of their minds from the servitude of ignorance, and the gloom of moral and religious darkness. And what is freedom but an empty name, where there is no *religion*, no *knowledge*, no *virtue* ? Let *us* ask *ourselves* ; *we* who boast that the soil of *Pennsylvania* holds no *slaves*, *we* who are sighing for the removal from *every* portion of our beloved country, of the foulest stain that can darken the escutcheon of a nation ; let *us* ask *ourselves* whether *we* have done all that *we* *should* have done, to render the slave *free indeed* ! I fear it will be answered, that though *we* have abolished slavery from our soil, in *name*, its hideous *figure* *still stalks among us*. If those children of Africa who are crowded together in our suburbs, are still ignorant and vicious, and destitute of all religion ; in what are *they* better than their brethren, who are *elsewhere* held in bondage ? We may boast that *we* have made them *free*, but alas ! *they feel* not the soul reviving influence of freedom. If *we* *have not* thrown upon their minds the lights of reason and revelation, they will stand before us only as monuments of our gross and unpardonable inconsistency, and of the shameful mockery *we* have practised on the names of independence and emancipation, in daring to call *them freemen*.

You will pardon this extension of my observations on a portion of our subject, in which perhaps I may display too deep an interest. I know not any method of doing

honour to the name of Dr. Holcombe, which can more effectually excite your admiration of *his virtues*, than by showing, as in the case before us, that *we* have neglected to practise them, and by pointing out the consequences of this neglect. *He* will be remembered by the blacks of Georgia, who were taught by him to revere their God, to be obedient to their masters, and to love each other ; long after the wretched, miserable slaves of vice, who throng our streets, and fill the wards of our infirmaries, have forgotten *their liberators* from the *bondage* of the *body*.

But there were other duties performed by him, no less important, than the instruction of the unlettered, and the protection of the poor and unsheltered. The extreme severity of the penal code of Georgia attracted his attention, and drew him to reflections and exertions alike characteristic of the philanthropic feelings of his heart ; the soundness of his judgment, and the independent boldness of his spirit. The shocking spectacles of public execution, so frequently presented to the citizens of that state, and the frequent disproportion between the punishment, and the offence for which it was inflicted, were portrayed by his pen, in colours calculated to awaken a deep and laudable disgust of the one, and to convince the reason of the gross injustice and evil tendency of the other.

Looking to Pennsylvania, he found that in her penal statutes, justice was mingled with mercy, and the sacrifice of life avoided, without the smallest diminution of that dread of *plenary* punishment, which it is the object of the law to awaken in the mind of the evil doer. He saw that the principles on which *her*

code was founded, partook of the merciful spirit of the great Lawgiver of the Christian world; and that they *must*, therefore, be capable of *universal application*. *Sedulously* did he labour to extend them to the state, for which he had already done so much solid and lasting good, by rendering her sons more virtuous, her neglected poor less wretched, and her slaves more happy, and consequently more obedient.

During his residence within her territory, he neglected no opportunity, (as we have seen,) of advancing the interests of religion and virtue, and of suppressing vice and immorality. But *one* additional evidence of this shall be presented to you, before we accompany our reverend friend to this city.

If it be true, (and there are none to dispute it,) that the hatred of the vicious, and the opposition of the irreligious, bear a direct proportion to the energy with which the truth is sustained, and the fearlessness with which virtue is cherished and extended; Dr. Holcombe is entitled to a high rank among such as have made these their objects, for *he* was reviled and persecuted for their sake. Not his peace and his happiness only, but his *life* also, was aimed at. The bare mention of the horrid design planned for his destruction must awaken the liveliest emotion in *your* minds, for you reflect at once on the loss you would have sustained, had it prospered in the execution. You shudder at the mere notice of an attempt, which, if successful, would have put to silence that voice, on whose impressive tones you have so often hung with pleasure and delight. The midnight hour had just been struck, when your beloved friend was roused from his slum-

bers by the loud knocking of an *assassin* at his door. The mild accents of one who asks a favour, were employed, to disguise the rankling malignity of the murderer, who wished to lure him from his home, that his deadly intent might be executed on him. The *lie*, however, that *tell tale* of the designing, betrayed his purpose, and proved the salvation of him, who, but for this, might have been that night the victim of fiendish rage. A request that he would go a short distance to perform a marriage ceremony, with the promise of a handsome fee, was accompanied by the assertion, that midnight was yet at two hours distance. This was known to be false, and compliance with the request refused; when, at once, the *arch hypocrite* stood forth in his true character, blaspheming God, and threatening vengeance against his servant.

It was not long before *another* effort was made to effect his destruction, by the same band of ruffians, whose agent had thus failed in *his* attempt to destroy his useful life. Returning homewards from the worship of his maker, with two youthful sons by his side, a musket was snapped at his breast, at so short a distance from him, that its fire rolled at his feet, and its pointed bayonet was grasped by his extended hand. Even at *this* fearful moment, with more than one murderous weapon raised against him, he trembled not, for the panoply of conscious rectitude was round him. With a *voice* that shook the souls of his dastardly assailants to the *very centre*, he questioned them on their intent, and forced from their coward lips, their suppliant prayers for pardon. Such are the triumphs of the *good man* over his adversaries, *even* though he meet them *unarmed*, and in their own *loved darkness*.

Time will not permit us to remain longer in a field so rich in proofs of that greatness and magnanimity of soul, that ardour in the cause of God, and that energy in repelling and disarming vice, which it is our *pleasure*, as it is our *honour*, to eulogize in our departed friend.

After having laboured to promote the happiness, and add to the virtue of the citizens of South Carolina and Georgia, for more than thirty years; after having seen a literary and scientific institution rising in each of these states, under *his*, and the patronage of other wise and good men; after having completed that work, which had been set apart for him in heaven, to be accomplished in the South; he accepted an invitation from the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia to visit this city, where he arrived in September, 1811.

But a short time was required to convince those by whom he had been invited hither, of his ability as a preacher, and his fitness in all other respects to fill the station of Pastor of this old and highly respectable church of God. He was accordingly called by an unanimous vote, not only of *her* members, but of those of the congregation, to occupy this important post; and he complied with the request, with that Christian modesty and diffidence, which had ever been a characteristic feature of his mind.

After paying a rapid visit to the South, parting with his numerous friends in that quarter, and receiving from the church of Savannah, as *strong a testimonial of his usefulness and worth, as man could give to man*;* he returned to Philadelphia with his family, on the 1st

* A copy of this letter will be found at the end of the Eulogium.

of January, 1812, and entered immediately on the performance of his pastoral duties.

It is *here*, my friends and fellow citizens, I feel most sensibly the weight and difficulty of the task I have undertaken; not because I fear that *your own* knowledge of his character and services will lead you to charge me with *exaggeration* in the praise I may bestow, but because that knowledge *must* convince you, *still more forcibly* than you *have been yet convinced*, of my inadequacy to do justice to my subject.

I feel, however, emboldened to proceed by the reflection, that what I may utter may perhaps be useful, as well as interesting to those, (if there be any such in this assembly,) who do *not* know him as he *should* be known; or who *knowing*, cannot *appreciate* his worth. To this end, I shall endeavour to place him before you, as conspicuously as my feeble powers will admit, in his various characters, *as the Pastor of a Christian church; as a public Preacher, and writer, and as a man.*

The relation subsisting between the pastor of a church and its several members, is one of the most interesting kind. A mutual compact is entered into, for the performance of certain defined duties, the neglect of which, on *either part*, is deemed deserving of reproach and reprehension. There must be a reciprocal giving and receiving of aid and counsel between the two, in all cases of doubt, difficulty, or embarrassment; and a constant interchange, not of the *cold civilities* and *heartless formalities* of the world, but of all those tender and endearing offices, which the warmest and

sincerest *love* can suggest. They must feel towards each other, as *brethren*, acknowledging the *same* heavenly father, enjoying the *same rich* inheritance, and looking forward to the *same* perpetuity of bliss in that eternal world, in which their brotherhood can neither be broken nor disturbed. It is *their* duty to supply his wants, and to place him above those cares and perplexities of life which would harrass his mind, and unfit it for the solemn and sublime contemplation of that important subject, in which his *whole soul* should be absorbed. It is *their* duty too, in the hour of *his sickness*, when his energies are failing, and the lamp of his life is quivering in its socket, to watch at his bedside, to smooth his pillow, to present to his parched and tremulous lips the cool and refreshing draught, and to cheer and console his weeping and disconsolate family; when *finally*, the breath of life has ceased to expand his breast, and the fluttering pulse to beat at his exhausted heart. But why dilate on duties which every member of every*Christian church *must know*, and the *neglect* of which, all that hear me *must* be conscious, will call down upon such as are guilty of it, the *just* and *indignant reprobation*, even of *those* who boast not that they are under the sweet influence of *Christian love*?

In return for these kind offices due to the Pastor, much is required at his hands. *He* is expected to caution the feeble minded against the fascinations of worldly pleasure, by which they are too often beguiled into conduct unworthy of the Christian character; to dissipate the doubts of those who waver in their faith, and to pour into the minds of all connected with him,

perpetual supplies of those solid and unanswerable arguments, on which their holy religion has been built.

It is *his* province, also, to heal the broken spirit ; to carry comfort and consolation to the *poorest*, in the hour of their need ; and to intercede with the God of mercy, in behalf of the wretched sufferer, whose path through life has been planted with the piercing thorns of misfortune. And did not *he*, whose name is now held up before you for your veneration—did not *he* perform all these interesting duties ? To *you* who are members of the church, with which he was connected for the last twelve years of his existence, I may boldly appeal for an answer to this question. *Many* of you have been the children of affliction ; *many* of you have felt the agonies of disease ; *many* of you have lost the dearest objects of your earthly love. Tell me, did *he ever* hold back his counsel when you asked it of him ? Did *he ever* refuse to visit the chamber of your sufferings, when he *knew* that you were confined to it by sickness ? Did *he ever* stand aloof when death had entered your doors, and when your aching hearts were sighing for the presence of some kind friend to allay their anguish, and revive their sinking powers ?—Oh ! *no*, he *did not*. *His* tears were ever mingled with *yours*, when you were in sorrow and affliction, and the smile of sincere and affectionate congratulation played upon *his* lips, when *you* were happy. His tender sympathies were with you, when you mourned, and when you triumphed over the difficulties and dangers that beset your path, *he also* felt the pleasures of a triumph. Not only as *individuals*, but as a *body*, you have had obstacles to overcome, and dangers to en-

counter, of no ordinary magnitude ; and in the midst of *all*, *he* was steadfast to your cause, for it was the cause of *truth*. Did *he* desert you when your *independence* as a *church* was rudely¹ assailed, and when the storm that gathered round you, seemed ready to burst upon your heads, and rend asunder the bonds by which you were held together ?

Was *he* regardless of *his* duty, or *your* welfare, when he declared that the pulpit to which you had called *him*, should *not* be *polluted* by the foot of one, against whom, not only the *charge*, but the *proofs* had been advanced, of a crime, as *foul* as any to be found in the long, black catalogue of human vice ?* No ! alike regardless of the numbers, and the loud vociferations of his angry opponents, *he* was faithful to the trust reposed in him. He led you victoriously to the station you now so happily and so honourably occupy,

* The case here referred to was one of such general notoriety, that no explanation was deemed necessary to prevent the erroneous application of what is found in the text. To all but men whose friendship must ever do more *injury* to those on whom it is conferred, by its extreme irritability, than it can do service by its steadiness and warmth, it must be obvious, that the individual here brought forward was, the Baptist Preacher, who a few years since, fled from the frowns of an injured church, and an outraged community of Christians ; wandered for a time through our Western states ; returned to this city, was immured in prison at the suit of the national government, solicited, *without success*, the visits of those who had once been the violent and pertinacious advocates of his innocence ; addressed himself to Dr. Holcombe, was promptly waited on by him during his confinement, confessed his guilt, declared his penitence, gave his unqualified testimony to the correctness and justice of Dr. H.'s conduct towards him, and in part, through *his* kind exertions, obtained his liberty.

as an *independent* church,—a church whose testimony in his favour will outweigh all the idle clamour that envy or jealousy may raise against his name.

May you long enjoy the blessings that so richly flowed upon you from his unwearied and invaluable labours, and in their enjoyment, may you *never* forget the debt of gratitude you owe to *him*, nor cease to cherish your present veneration of his worth!

As a *public Preacher*, Dr. Holcombe held a high and honourable rank among his brethren of the same vocation. “Without seeking the elegancies of composition, he rose to a surprising energy and ease of expression, gave forth his many thoughts, in a clear, nervous diction, and when warmed with his subject, would lead his admiring audience, the willing captives of his ardent rhetoric along with him, to feast on those transports, with which genius and piety could supply the attentive mind.”

Is it necessary for *me* to add any thing to this description, from the pen of one whose learning and piety are now enriching the same field, in which our lamented friend once laboured so successfully? *All you* who have *heard* him can attest its truth. He was *indeed*—

“A Preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve and own—”
 ————— for he was “grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; *much impressed*
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he fed
 Might feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men. ————***

By *him* the violated law spoke out
 Its thunders ; and by him, in strains as sweet
 As angels use, the gospel whispered peace."

What portraiture of *our* beloved Preacher can we give, more striking in its resemblance, than this with which the poet has supplied us ?

In the writings of Dr. Holcombe, we find the same chaste simplicity ; the same perspicuity, and the same nervous energy, which characterized his *preaching*. He had the same ends in view in both, and in both he was eminently successful in fixing the attention and convincing the reason of his auditors and readers.

In all that has issued from his pen, even those who differ from him in opinion, can discover a spirit of devotion to the cause of truth, and a deep and lively interest in the welfare of his fellow men.

He neither *preached* nor *wrote* for *himself*, nor was it because *he* believed that he persuaded others to believe. He wished only a calm and dispassionate examination of his principles, and was ever willing, as many of you have often heard him to declare, that both *he* and *they* should be cast from you, if found at variance with the oracles of God.

In the series of lectures presented to the public, under the title of Primitive Theology, all that we have here assumed, will be discovered. In the manner in which he there approaches the judgments of his readers, the greatest liberality towards those who differ from him, will be found blended with manly boldness in defence and support of his own honest convictions on the subjects of which he treats. On such of these as are peculiarly of a theological character, it is not my intention to offer any observations.

There is, however, one principle avowed and defended by him, not only in the work referred to, but elsewhere, which cannot be overlooked in a sketch of his distinguished character.

It is well known to most of you, that Dr. Holcombe, after having *believed* and acted on a contrary doctrine for the major portion of his life, became convinced, and declared his conviction, that neither the precepts nor example of Christ could be shown to justify the waging of war in *any form* between man and man. For a knowledge of the process of reasoning by which he arrived at this conclusion, and of the facts and arguments he employed to defend it, I refer you to his published writings on the subject, while I endeavour briefly to show that the course he pursued in *this* particular, added new lustre to his virtues, gave new dignity to his character as a Christian Preacher, and furnished new proofs of his fitness for that paradise, into which we are assured, he was most joyfully admitted when he bade adieu to earth.

In his endeavours to propagate the principles of peace, and to diffuse among his fellow men the feelings of universal love, his devotion to his country burned as brightly as it had done, when he drew forth his sword in her defence. With *him* it was *religion*, and not the blind and bigot policy of a party hostile to the measures of the higher powers, that led him to urge his fellow citizens to cultivate the arts of peace, and cease to indulge in deadly hatred of their fellow men. Do you ask whether those principles which tend to promote harmony between individuals and nations, are *compatible* with your duty to your country, or the support you

owe to civil government? Consult your *history*, and in that page on which the name of Penn is recorded, you will find an answer to your question. Was it the *sword* that forced the hostile Indian to retire from these shores? Was it the terrific thunder of artillery, that drove him to the mountain, and protected your fathers from the awful out pourings of his vengeance? There was no call for vengeance here, for he had sustained no wrong. *He* proved, though alas! *Christians cannot believe it*, that kindness *will* be repaid with kindness, and that those who *arm not* against their fellow men, need not feel fearful of *their arms*.

But it is not my purpose to reply to those, who look on *war* as one of those wonderful anomalies in the moral world, which have so long borne the unintelligible title of *necesssary evils*, and who treat as visionary speculators and mad enthusiasts in a *hopeless cause*, all who aim to lessen its horrors and prevent its dire recurrence. Before such as can conceive of no true patriotism but that which displays itself in arming and equipping the *body* for the fight, it would indeed be a *hopeless cause* to attempt to prove, that our departed friend was an honest *patriot*. Before *you*, however, by whom he was so well known, I may fearlessly hazard the bold assertion, that no man of his profession, within the wide range of our free and admirable institutions, *knew better* their intrinsic value, or did more to preserve their pristine purity. Much might be added on this interesting branch of our subject; but I forbear. *Ask yourselves* which Christian preacher is most worthy of your honours; *he* who strives to fire your souls with martial ardour, who lends the aid of his eloquence to those who

summon you to arm against your brother's life, and kindles by the power of his enchanting rhetoric, those passions in your bosoms, which lead you to delight in carnage? Or, *he* who labours to inspire your souls with love, not only for your friends, but *also* for your *foes*, who seeks to tranquilize the angry feelings of your nature, and to substitute in your hearts the sentiments of pure and boundless benevolence, for those wild and stormy emotions which have been roused by the shrill trumpet and the spirit stirring drum? *Which of these most resembles* the mild and merciful author of your religion? *Which will shine most brightly* in the hour of approaching dissolution, when the heart *must sicken* at the "pomp and circumstance of war," and its breaking chords must cease to vibrate to its loud alarms? *Which* will be extolled the highest by those countless hosts, who were made the heralds of "*peace on earth, and good will to man,*" and who are now filling the eternal world with their sweet harmonious measures? Ask yourselves these questions, calmly and soberly, and we fear not, but your answers will do honour to our lamented friend.

If we view Dr. Holcombe in the retirement of private life, we shall find no less to admire in him, than we have already seen in his various public characters. He was a tender and devoted husband, a kind, indulgent and affectionate father, and as a friend, unwavering and ardent in his attachment. To the poor he was bountiful to the full measure of his resources, and to *all* men, no matter what their faith, their colour or condition, he was courteous and liberal, for he felt that they were *all his brethren*. His favourite maxim, "*never to*

wound the feelings of a friend, never to make an enemy, but for the truth's sake, and never to resent an injury," is worthy of being registered in all our memories. *He* acted on it *uniformly*, and during the period of his last illness, gave frequent evidence, that his soul was not only enjoying *peace within itself*, but that it was also at *peace with all mankind*.

And must we now approach his *dying bed*, and witness the prostration of those energies which had so long been active in doing good? *We cannot do it*. The grateful fervour with which he grasped the hand that had raised the reviving draught to his lips; the placid smile that played on his countenance, and the mild and benignant glance that beamed from his eye on those who stood by him in the hour of his final affliction; the calm composure, and the unshrinking fearlessness with which he met the approach of death; and the joy that seemed to thrill through his enraptured soul, on finding that he came divested of his terrors, to conduct him to eternal bliss; *these all* rush upon our feelings, and excite emotions in our bosoms, to which no language can give utterance.

On the morning of the 22d of the last month, (May) his eyes lost their lustre, and were closed on all terrestrial objects; the colour forsook his cheeks, and the pulse of life ceased to beat at his heart. He sunk into that deep and lasting sleep, from which none on earth awaken. And is he *dead indeed*? No! my friends, he is yet living. Though you have clothed his noble and majestic form in the mantle of the grave, and though the cold damp turf is pressing on it, your friend *still lives*. He *lives* in the enjoyment of endless felicity.

city, in the society of angels and of saints; he *lives* in the *immediate presence of his God*. May he also *live* in *your hearts*, that when your spirits are called to quit the tenements they now inhabit, they may meet him at the gate of heaven, and be conducted to a participation in that pure and unalloyed felicity which he is this moment enjoying.

May *you* especially, who revere his memory, and who have this day, by my feeble voice, paid the tribute of your veneration to *his* virtues; may *you* be ever mindful of the precepts he so often delivered in your hearing, and ever careful to imitate his bright example. A *brighter* could not be placed before you, among *all* the *living* or the *departed* members of the human family. *You* have shown that you were *his* friends, as *he* was *ever yours*. May you so live on *earth*, that when you are summoned from it, to appear before the dread tribunal of Almighty God, he may not *there* be ashamed to own himself your friend !

The following is the testimonial referred to, (page 31,) and we deem it worthy of entire insertion.

“ The Savannah Baptist church in Georgia, in Conference Convened on the 9th of August, 1811, to her sister, the First Baptist Church in the city Philadelphia, sends greeting :—

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,

OUR dearly beloved brother, Henry Holcombe, our late venerable and highly esteemed Pastor, having applied for his dismissal from us, to your enlightened body, he having received your call to become your Pastor, which he inclines to believe and we sincerely hope is the call of God, we cheerfully resign him to you by the will of God. We want words to express his worth. As a *Christian*, he is meek and humble, benevolent and humane, fervent in prayer, aiming singly at the glory of God, and ever promoting the interest of true and undefiled religion. As a minister of the gospel, faithful in watching over the flock of Christ, patient in tribulation, holy in conversation, easy of access, willing to communicate, zealous for the truths of God, exhorting, admonishing, and rebuking with all authority. He most earnestly contends for the faith once delivered to the saints : he is ardent in study, unwearied in diligence, and greatly beloved by us and in all places where he has preached the word, which have been many, and never in vain. In friendship, he is warmly attached, and ever ready to put the most favourable construction on the words and actions even of his enemies. God has bestowed on him a great mind, and possessed him of many and singular talents, gifts and graces, and every way qualified him for great purposes in the ministry of the gospel. But we are not able to describe the excellencies that combine to form his most valuable, rare, and singular character. We have the most abundant reason to bless and thank God for his work and labours of love among us, for the last twelve years ; and may God bless him to you, as he has blessed him to us.

May his health be preserved, and your affections be ever increasing and mutual. We do most heartily bid him God speed.

Brethren, fare you well.

Signed, by order and in behalf	} JOHN SHICK, <i>Deacon.</i>
of the whole church,	
	} ELIAS ROBERT, <i>Clerk.</i>

The high expectations which this letter was calculated to awaken, were not disappointed ; as is shown by a circumstance not mentioned in the eulogium, but well worthy of notice. After Dr. Holcombe had been performing the duties of Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia for some time, the church of Savannah, feeling that she had sustained a very serious loss on the termination of his union with her, invited him to return and occupy again the station he had so honourably filled as her spiritual guide. This invitation was laid before those for whom he was labouring in this city, and drew from them an expression of their attachment to his person ; the high respect and veneration in which they held his character, and the exalted sense they entertained of the great value of his services ; not less just and warm than that presented above. It was signed by order, and in behalf of the whole church, by Messrs. Joseph Keen, Levi Garrett, Wm. Duncan, John M'Leod, Hugh Gourley, Jared Sexton, and Joseph Moulder, *names*, which would alone entitle it to publication in this place, did not its length forbid it. We are compelled also to forego the pleasure of recording the *more recent* testimonials of gratitude, respect, and love bestowed on our lamented friend. They were flowers strewed along his path as he travelled down to the grave, and they are now casting back their fragrance on those, by whose hands they were spread before his feet.











